

Reuben is in the Hinterland of Heaven, for he was a Godly and a Righteous man, and therefore must be with the vast throng around the golden throne, and if this is so he must be singing "Glory to the Lamb," and as I know that the song comes from his heart if he uses the same voice as he did in driving his oxen, they all know he is there.

"One time when Uncle Reuben was a young man he had a pair of five year old steers that were the apple of his eye, and while clearing land could not help bragging about them. The two men who were helping him were Orin Griswold and James McMullen, and they made a bet with Uncle Reuben that they could put in place all day any log that he could draw up to the log heap, without the use of skids or hand spikes, that is, with nothing but their hands, and they did it, and you must remember that in those days they burned up all the timber so there must have been some large logs to handle.

"But to us boys Uncle Reuben was in his glory when he was in a contest with some other man as to which had the oxen who could pull the most. I remember at the county fair when my Father had a yoke of oxen driven by my Uncle Ensign McMullen who was also a crack ox teamster. As my father's team pulled until they could not move the load, Uncle Reuben hooked on his team and pulled the load about 100 feet farther. He then took my father's team and hooked them to the load, and when they heard the trumpet tones of his voice they nearly ran away with the load, and Uncle Reuben won the prize for father's team, and the two Deacons came very near to a quarrel as father insisted that the prize was Uncle Reuben's and not his.

"What boy who was born and lived in the county in those days can forget the winter snows and the joy of breaking roads? I can now see the old long wood shod sled with eight or ten yoke of oxen and Uncle Reuben and Uncle Ensign in command as they drove the oxen, keeping them on the road, and we boys were part of the time in the sled and part running over the drifts and it seems as I write I can hear the clank of the chains and the clashing of horns, and over all the voices of the two men as they "Haw" and "Gee" and plow the way through, thus battling with the elements and opening the road so we could go out and in. Uncle Reuben is gone; the ox team are things of the past; the grand forests of natural growth are gone; and naught is left but the hills and valleys and fields where Uncle Reuben struggled to open up the county.

"The above sketches are typical of the other people of the town at the time. They were all men who did what they could and the world was better for their living in it. As I write with my thoughts in the past, there comes the vision of the women pioneers in the settlement of the Beech Woods.

"It would take the pen or a ready writer to write the story of these women's lives and what they did and suffered in the labor and loneliness of their homes as they went on with their daily work. They were not like the fillies of the field that toil not, neither do they spin, for their life was one unending round of labor. They not only toiled but they spun. They also were weavers, cooks, sewing women, and mothers. They had none of what we now call the necessities of house-keeping, with only an open fire to cook, and warm the house. The thought that comes to me, I would I had the words to express. If we would